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A SONNET.

BY GEO. P. PRENTICE.

I met thee in the house of God. A year
Upon its wing of darkness had gone by
Since I had seen thee last with thine—yet there,
Veiled and hushed beneath the solemn arch of prayer
Sprang wildly upward from my heart a thought, too pride
Quelled the fierce tumult of the gushing tide,
And in the bitterness of calm denied
I passed upon thy features. Why, oh why
May not the peep of earthly passion die
When all its hopes are perished? Even there,
In the dread temple consecrate to prayer,
My evil spirit troubled itself with a sigh.
And, turning from the merry soul above,
Knelt on the cinder darkness of human love.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

BION, THE WANDERER;

OR,

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A STORY OF HOME, THE OCEAN, AND OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLD-SEEKER," "THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW," "RASHLEIGH, THE SCOUT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE STORM!

On the first day of June the Aldebaran crossed what is generally considered the boundary between the Southern Atlantic and the Indian Ocean. For several days after this the wind was from the south'ard, and blew quite steadily.

"I declare," said Bion, as he stood by Jack's side at the wheel one day, "I should like to see something of a storm. Here we've been at sea so long, and not a storm yet."

"Never you fear," returned Jack, with a nod and a wink. "If you cross this ocean without a blow you'll do better'n I ever done yet. Just you mind that."

That very night, Bion was to have the midwatch; consequently from eight until midnight he had for duty. He and Jack turned in as soon as they were relieved from the last dog-watch, and were soon asleep. Sometime during the night, Bion was awakened by some peculiar noise on deck, and as sleep did not again overcome him, he lay and pondered upon the past. He had been dreaming of Cora Page. He thought she was with him on board the ship, and they were very happy. She told him how sad and lonesome she had been; and they both resolved that they would be separated no more. They were just opening upon this point when the boy awoke!

That started, beguiled naturally ran over the scenes of the past, and, as we always the case in times of such ponderings, he tried to remember back of the time when he went to live with Mackey. Since he had left the presence of the old woman his mind had become freed from much that lumbered it there, and he thought he could see some things which he had been unable to gain before. He remembered the two black girls, and he knew he had lived with and loved them. In connection with them he remembered his mother. Of her his memory was vivid and reliable. The little picture there sent the keenest pang to keep her face before him; and as he had had this to grow upon ever since his mother died, that memory was complete and sure.

He had succeeded in fixing Lida and Linny in his mind through not clearly by sense—and in connection therewith he fixed his mother. Next came Barnabas Latimore. Then he had seen the ugly-looking man with his mother he was sure; but what part he had ever acted he could not imagine. But all this was as nothing in the scale of remembrance compared with his struggles over the face of that other man whom he was sure he had seen before. It was a dark, stern face, and he thought he had felt that its presence, if he could only make nothing of it, save such as a man may make of a half-forgotten dream. Yet the face was present with him, and he thought he should know it if he should ever see it again. His mother—the two black girls—and the attorney came in regular succession of distinctness; and then came that other face which, as he thought of it, he almost associated with some great calamity!

In this Bion often wondered if he did not dream; but the dark face was too palpable in memory for that, and he only hoped that he might some day see it. He felt sure he should know it.

The boy had just arrived at this point in his thoughts, when he suddenly within himself that if the man lived who bore the dark face, he might at some time see him—when a strange movement took place that startled his attention. There was a sudden hush of voices—a slow, regular rolling of the ship—and a flapping of the heavy sails as though the wind was gone. At that moment Jack quitted the wheel, and came on board. He remained in a listening attitude a few moments, and then turned to his youthful companion:

"Bion!"

"I'm awake and the boy.

"There's trouble on deck, my lad."

"What is it?"

"Ye can tell that we're becalmed, can't ye?"

"Yes—I can tell that."

"Well—you'll see what comes next anwon now and mornin'. Suppose we go on deck?"

Just as Jack thus spoke a heavy thump was heard overhead, and the voice of the boatswain followed, calling all hands. Bion and Jack were soon up, and the former was at once impressed with a peculiar sensation of danger. There was something in the strange stillness of the dead calm that seemed to herald the storm. It was as though some mighty spirit were silently struggling to free itself for a death-clutch!

The wind had entirely died away, and the ship now lay like a lifeless mass, rising and falling with the long, lazy swells. Not a star was to be seen and yet it was not wholly dark. There seemed to be a sort of phosphorescent light upon the water—and in the atmosphere; but it was a ghastly, deathly glimmer, and the men fancied they could smell a sulphurous odor.

And it was ready so. The air was impregnated with a peculiar effluvium that resembled sulphur in smell. Whether it was an exhalation from the sea in phosphorescent particles; or whether it was the electric fluid of the atmosphere in superabundance, could not be determined.

The order was passed for taking in all sail. The courses were double reefed, and then tightly furled, so as to be ready for use in case of need; the topsails were close-reefed, save the main. The topgallant yards were sent down, and the masts bound; and finally, the ship was left with nothing set but fore-storm-staysail and close-reefed main topmall. Captain Long knew enough of those seas to know that a blow was coming, and he knew that his ship would lie-to best.

Midnight came, but no wind. The off-watch were permitted to go below and turn in; but they were ordered to remain as they were—not in person say of their clothing; for the commander assured them that they would be almost sure to be wanted before their watch.

For three hours after midnight the calm continued, the atmosphere growing all the while more oppressive, and the murky light assuming a more ghastly hue. That strange light produced horror even in the bosom of the oldest seaman. He was not afraid, perhaps, nor did he cower; but there was a feeling of awe and dread which he could not banish. Many of the crew had never seen such an appearance in the sky, and the natural curiosity was sufficient to inspire them with dread.

At three o'clock this phosphorescent glimmering began to disappear, and a change was felt in the atmosphere. It grew cooler, but not with a refreshing coolness. It was rather a penetrating, shivering chilliness, that produced only a shudder.

"I think we had better call all hands, sir," said Captain Long, addressing his first officer.

"Yes, sir," returned Stowe. "I'm afraid it's coming."

"Aye—and coming with a vengeance. Where do you think it will come from?"

"From the south'ard and west'ed, I imagine," answered the mate, turning his face in that direction. "What do you think?"

"I am of your opinion. It must come from that quarter. You may call all hands, sir."

All hands were called; and when they were on deck the captain stationed them for the work they might have to do.

From three o'clock to four the change in the atmosphere went on gradually, without any wind. The luminous appearance of both air and water was entirely gone at four, and sudden puffs of damp wind began to reach the ship. Bion and Jack stood by the wheel, the latter having been stationed there; while the captain and Mr. Stowe stood just aloft, leaning against the taffrail.

"That means something," said Jack, familiarly grasping the spokes of the wheel more tightly. "D'ye mind it, Bion?"

"Do you mean this puffing?" the boy asked.

"Do ye feel any puffin' now?" queried the helmsman.

"No—it's stopped."

"Aye—so it has. An' that's what I mean, my boy."

The phenomenon to which Jack alluded was this: For some five minutes a continual puffing had been kept up; but suddenly it stopped, and the air was as still as though the ship had been in the centre of the earth.

Jack and Bion opened his lips to speak again when the Captain quickly uttered an exclamation of caution; and in a moment more a dull, distant sound broke upon the ear of the boy. He knew what was coming, for he instinctively grasped the pinrack by his side, and then bent his ear to listen.

"Every man to his post!" shouted the captain. "Look out for your helm, Jack! Stand by!"

The words were scarcely uttered when a shower of spray was dashed over the deck, and on the next instant the storm broke. The ship was taken aback by the wind, but it was soon evident that she could not lie so long. The gale howled in its wrath, and the mad waves broke over the bows in drenching showers. The hatches were battened down, and life-lines were found and set. Bion stood by the rail of the mizen-mast, and there he clung. He raised his face to the wind, and as the blast swept on, in its deafening power, he seemed to feel inspired by something far above fear or terror. There was an awful sublimity in the scene, that far awhile overcame all emotions of dread.

The day broke on long, and then the scene was one of untrifle grandeur. As far as the eye could reach the sea was lashed into a fury, and the white foam leaped and plunged in wild sport.

It was soon evident that the ship could lie-to no longer. The sea was becoming high and powerful, and she was in danger of being knocked off at the beam ends.

The order was given for pulling the ship before the wind. It was with the utmost difficulty that the captain could make himself heard; but his commands were passed from mouth to mouth, and thus the men got them.

The utmost care was necessary in falling off, but Jack had control in the duty at the helm, and he handled the wheel as it should be. The vessel was put before the sea; and it then became necessary to take in the main-topsail and set the fore, as she had a tendency to broach to under the mizen, occasioned by the sea at times striking on the quarter.

For an hour, the ship send in safety. The gale blew steady from the south'ard and west'ard, and the fair the close-reefed fore-topsail and storm-staysails were sufficient to keep her out of the way of the heavy seas that came thundering on astern.

All at o'clock, Jack was relieved at the wheel, and then he and Bion went below.

"Will it last a great while?" the boy asked, as they sat down on the chest.

"I can't tell," returned Jack. "Sometimes we can run away from one of these chaps."

"Run away?" queried Bion.

"Yes."

"But how can you run away from a storm? I thought—I—"

"What did you think?"

"Why—I thought when it stormed you couldn't run away from it."

"O—yes. Storms like this don't reach everywhere. Now, I don't d'pose this 'ere chap has got the fifty miles ahead of us. We've been chased by a storm for hours. It's only my last voyage—in this very ocean—our old ship Sally run away from one of the ugliest storm-clouds I ever saw. We couldn't do well till the cloud—for like whipstocks; and when the storm fell, it wa'n't more'n half a mile astern. Howsomever, there aint much danger of our runnin' away from this one, by the Glory!"

That last exclamation was occasioned by a sudden pitch of the ship, which sent them both rolling from the chest.

"By my pipe, there's mischief here!" the old sailor cried; and as he spoke, he made a dive for the ladder, whither Bion followed.

When they reached the deck, they found a torrent of water just rolling off over the larboard bow, and they had raised the tarpaulin that protected the companion-way just in season to escape the flood. Had it been raised a moment sooner, the water would have knocked them back, and poured into the forecastle.

Jack cast his eyes quickly over the deck, but he had not to scan long—as yet. He had just time to go aft, holding by one of the life-lines, when an exclamation of alarm broke from his lips.

"*Port yer helm! Port!*" he shouted, at the top of his voice, leaping from his feet, and shaking his hand at the helmsman.

Though his voice did not reach the point for which it was intended, the mighty roar of the gale swallowing it up ere it had gone two yards from his lips, yet the captain saw the danger, and he sprang to the wheel.

But 'twas too late! A huge, mountain sea was coming down upon the larboard quarter. It towered aloft like a huge cliff, overtopping the very mizen. Jack saw it—he saw that it must come. If the ship could neither be got out of its way, nor be brought stem-on, she stopped there by the sea, with his left arm, while with the right he seized the life-rail, and clung to it with all his might, for he well he knew what was coming.

The sea had seen it, and they sprang each to a place of safety. The helmsman had thrown the wheel over, but the movement availed nothing but to give the whole surface of the rudder to the sea.

It came! Aloft it towered, its curling crest lifting far above the peak and the lofty mainsail, and its dark blue face of watery wall overlooking the deep chasm at its base. It struck the ship upon the larboard quarter, and as the crushing monster broke, completely enveloping the frail bark; the ship trembled, and in a moment more she lay upon her beam-ends in the trough of the sea! The boys were now bent over her without mercy, and as the deck was perpendicular to the action of the sea, the men could only hang by the rigging, and stand upon the bulwarks or rails!

The men! Aloft where were they? As Jack took his fatal roll away, and found that he had been knocked completely over upon her side, he found a place for his feet against the mast, and then having gained a new hold upon Bion, he gazed around. He looked first towards the stern. His eye swept the whole of the quarter-deck, but not a soul was there! Where, but a minute before, he had seen his captain stand, now stood no one! He looked forward, and he saw some of the men. There were six of three!

"Are ye here?" asked Jack, reaching to forget his own danger, as the meaning of the empty quarter-deck flashed upon him.

"I'm all right!" returned Bion, in a tremulous voice.

"Oh, my God! I have killed them all! Lord! Lord! look! Where are they all? Lost? Yes, Bion—nearly all are gone! They didn't know as much as I did. I would have told 'em, if I could; but 'twas too late! Lost? Aye—and we'll be lost, too, if we don't do something to right the ship!"

Even the boy could understand this. He saw his plainly that in such a driving, heavy sea, the stern ship must soon sink, if she were not righted. But how could it be done? Ah! how? The storm seemed to be increasing in fury, and the seas grew more and more fearful in size and power!

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WRECK!—THE LONG-BOAT!

It had so happened that all the officers had been stationed on the quarter-deck when the final sea broke. The captain had called them for the purpose of deliberating upon the course they should pursue, as it had become evident that the masts would not much longer bear sail enough to keep the ship clear of the following seas. He feared that some of the cargo might yet have to be thrown over, as they were heavily loaded, and signs of heavy working were already apparent. When they saw the sea coming, they had all sprung for the weather quarter-rail, and there gained a hold. This rail had been entirely torn off, and swept away by the sea, and, of course, those who had clung to the frail thing for support were gone, too!

The deck of the Aldebaran was very near flush, the after-cabin being below, and only a long trunk or skylight over it. The quarter-deck, which commenced just aft the mainmast, was three feet higher than the forward deck, and was reached by a short ladder on each side. It was guarded only by a rail, three and a half feet high, while forward were strong, high bulwarks.

As we said before, the quarter-deck was swept clean. The wheel was carried away, and the trunk over the cabin seemed to be stove in. Forward, the stout larboard rail proved a protection, and some of the men were saved; but, alas! not many! Only a few short minutes before, there had been forty-one living souls in that ship; and now there were but eight!

The nine stock which had rallied Jack and Bion from the forecastle, had called all hands up from the cabin. Not a man had remained behind! Jack had seen that many of the crew, and all the officers, were there, as he clung to the fife-rail; and he knew now that they were gone!

"Look ye, Bion," he said, after he had pondered awhile, "I can't stay to hold on to ye any longer; you must hold on for yerself, for I must work. Where sticks must be cut off!"

"Do you think I am an infant?" asked the boy, somewhat quickly, and with a slight show of resentment. "If you have use, show me something that I can do. You wish to cut the masts away?"

"Yes. We must—and as quick as possible, too."

"Where do you begin?"

"Must cut away on the lee side first, and then all will go clear when we cut away to the windward."

As Jack thus spoke, the boy seized some of the rigging by the mainmast, and soon gained possession of the two axes which hung there in their brackets. One of them he gave to Jack, and the other kept himself.

"What are you goin' to do?" the old sailor asked.

"I'm going to cut away the mizzen-mast," replied Bion, promptly. "Don't say no, for I can help. If the ship goes down, I must sink with her; if the ship is saved, I shall be saved, and I must help. You can send some of them men to help me if you will."

That speaking, Bion seized a life-line, and slid down to the lee bulwarks. There he caught another line, and having gained the quarter-rail, he worked his way along to the mizzen rigging.

It was a strange position, and no one who never experienced it can form an adequate conception of the terrible reality. Imagine the ship upon its beam-ends. Its deck perpendicular, with the sea leaping over it in wild madness. Here and anon the sea goes under, the water reaching even to the bulwarks, and the vessel seeming every moment on the point of turning fairly upside down! In such a time when the sea bears, and the ship rights, and the crew nearly all gone, the only hope it in getting rid of the masts as soon as possible, because no ship, unless she be impervious to water throughout, can remain long afloat under such circumstances.

Bion was in great danger during his passage along the rail. Several times overtopped under water; but he struggled on, clinging to his axe, and finally reached the mizzen rigging, as we have seen. Here, however, his task became more difficult, for the lee lanyards were under water half the time, and to cut them was impossible, because no ship, unless she be impervious to water throughout, can remain long afloat under such circumstances.

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the dark chasm, where, perhaps, a breaking sea would satisfy ourself her, and for some moments there were well founded doubts as to her rising again. But she still thrust the empty load of water off, and brought her small burden of humanity once more up into the reaching wind. It was with the utmost difficulty that the men could now make themselves understood unless the lip that spoke and the ear that heard were very near together, for the wind and the sea, in their mad war, sent forth such blasts as fiendly monsters might utter in frenzy of battle!

Jack selected a spare main-topsail-yard, and set the men if they thought that enough to cover the side. They said they could, and he at once proceeded to rig for his purpose. He would have preferred the topmast, but he knew they could not get it over. A broad span was put upon the spar, and to this was attached a large sail from the hows. Then a spring from aft was made fast, and the yard lifted over the side. As it found away on its father as the ship floated away from it the influence was quickly perceptible, as the hows slowly turned towards the wind.

There was hope again but only for a mere time. The heavy sea brought the spar home so often that finally its influence was not felt half the time; and the consequence was, that they were driven off into the trough as before.

"We can do nothing more!" said Jack, as he saw how the sea brought him back again.

"*I know of nothing,*" returned Ned Anderson.

And there was nothing. They might have got out another spar, but it could be of no use. The mountain seas would send a mast to the sky, and be as quickly as it would a yard. All they could do was, to help well to the bulwarks, and to the boats. The brakes were shipped, but not much water was found in the well.

The natives rested until noon, and then the gale began to abate; and by one o'clock the wind was down to fair breeze. The sea, however, was not away, almost as rapidly as it came. The sea still rose and fell in long, heavy swells, as if the awful power was gone, and they now only lifted and lowered the tuned sail built.

By dark the wind had come out from the west'rd, light and pleasant, and the sea was calm, the bay only being long and heavy. Jack only gave leg to the ship a swaying motion not at all disagreeable, for all hands were now so thoroughly worked by the work and excitement of the day, they concluded not to rig a jury-mast until morning.

Jack now gave the men to eat, and to see if he could find any on there; but the place was ten natives! All had gone off to the ship at the first overarching sea. He and his little party—eight souls—were all.

Having got some supper the men got out a spare main-topsail, and did something towards rigging for a jury-mast. The natives were cast on the right tangles, and the rigging all prepared. They divided themselves into two watches, of four each. Bias being now counted a man. Said Ned Anderson, who took charge of one watch,—

"I'd no had here Bias Brown, if I say man here where we only want keen sight and a brave heart. I tell ye, he's proved himself better than a man, than one half that gets seaman's wages."

"I don't think my boy," said Jack, gazing proudly into the face of his protege, "you know you're true and brave. I'll never look upon ye again but I think how well of a man ye be. Why,—when I see ye a goin' aft in the storm, with one hand out in one hauny and the other hand to hold yerself with, I was kind o' skeery like; and when I used ye go under the sea and couldn't see a heart gave a jump as made it ache. But when I used ye go down—down,—and then come up, and blow, and cough, and look around for me,—I'd fathom under the sea—and then up and blow again, like a young porpoise prospectin' for a bit brawsy on without even lookin' back, I lost all my fear, and for awhile forgot my own safety for that of your'n."

In a spirit of generous enthusiasm the men joined in the meed of praise, and the boy blushed and smoor; though both Jack and Bias well knew that there were men among them who were not to be depended upon at all times for duty.

On the following morning all hands were called as soon as it was fairly light, and they went at work upon the jury-mast. Jack was strapping on a heavy block, and wanted a rope to reeve a small stuff. There was some hanging to the main chains, and Bias was sent to get it. He went, and after he got the lanyard he paused down upon the water.

"Why," he uttered, with a show of wonder, "*the water is rising!*"

Jack was the only one who understood what the boy had said, and even he did not at first comprehend its meaning. But as the words sounded through his mind a second time, he started, and a quick quivering of the muscles about the lips was perceptible.

"*Rising?*" he repeated, laying down the block. "Yes," said Bias, who had heard the sight of it. It's a good deal higher than it was an hour ago."

"Rising!" whispered the old sailor, hurrying to the rail. He looked over and a sight met his eye to broke from his lips.

"Oh! my God!" he gasped. "*We are sinking!*"

The other men dropped their work and leaped to the rail, and they saw it all in a moment.

"How can it be?" cried Ned. "The well was empty last night."

"I know," returned Jack. "But some strain has been given, and the working of the cargo has opened the seam in the hull. We must find the leak if we can. Off with the hatches!"

The hatches were thrown off, and the men went into the hold. Three lanterns were lighted and hung they could see the water, and from the hood, gurgling sound they knew it was coming in rapidly. Jack pondered for some moments earnestly. He was perfectly sure that the water was coming in very rapidly, and that to touch the pumps would be to waste time. So sure as he could judge a number of seams were opened. The timbers and planking had been strained by the storm while she was on her beamends, and during the night the lateral pressure of the cargo had pried them apart.

"Look ye, boys!" the old salt cried, after this deliberation, "there is but one thing left for us. I know there's a dozen big seams opened, so that we can neither stop them, nor pump her out. We must take to the boat! And we must be in a hurry, too; for I tell ye the water's comin' in fast. Now bear a hand and get the long-boat over as soon as we can."

The store-boat had been thoroughly smashed up, but the long-boat, which was stowed amidships, was in good order. The boat was heavy, but the case was an urgent one, and they soon had her over the side.

"Now," said Jack, turning to Nat, "do you take your watch and get all the bread you may, and your mate and a pair of water-kegs, and see that they are filled. Then get the boat ready. Don't forget that the supply of water was limited made them dilute."

Bill the reader over had put himself on an allowance of water! If he has then we know how his mind was continually upon that subject. He took a few bottles, and, pen, and ink, and paper,—and then hurried back to the boat. Jack thought that the kid-skin seem in having remembered his clothes, and then let him down into the frail craft that was to save them away.

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It was too true: Those were all the breakers that had been filled, the water being in large iron tanks next to the kelson, from whence it had been pumped as it was wanted. The breakers were all forward, next to the forecastle bulkhead, and was the same fate under water!

They could do nothing more. The sea was already even with the scuppers, and as the water began to pour in there the ship would go as Jack Wallace me all over but himself—then he can a quick look around for the men. One thing he had forgotten,—and then he leaped upon the rail and took his place in the stern sheets of the boat.

They had been in time, but with not a minute to spare, for, even as they shoved off, the ship broke forward, and staggered like a drunken man. Then she lifted a little slightly on the back of the a moment—then another lurch forward—the bread was all under water—the huge mass seemed to shudder with pain—and in a moment more she went down, and the waters of the sea closed over her forever!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FATAL HOUR!

The first thought of the crew of the long-boat, after seeing the last of their noble ship, was of a reflective character. Even little Teddy McGrath, who had never before in his life been charged with serious thought, were in the face of direct danger, became meditative. Jack Wallace, he was a peculiar position, and one calculated to excite the most serious thought. Eight human beings in a canoe-boat far away upon a great ocean, where storms and tempests were liable to fall upon them at any hour!

Silas did not fully realize the danger to which they were engaged, but Jack and Ned were old, and as he leaned upon the arm of the stout friend to felt safe. But Jack himself had a full consciousness of the others at that time felt. As he gazed upon the broad-face and weather-bronzed, a cold shudder crept through his frame, for he knew well until they reached shore! He feared not. And what then? Ah,—he was old shrivelled, and in the thirst, that flashed darkly and painfully upon the mind, he had suffered. Eight hundred miles—a thousand times worse! But he kept his thoughts to himself, and determined to make the provisions go as far as possible.

The first work done was to determine as near as possible where they were. Jack took the sun,—reckoning sat well as any other man, for it had been one of the chief aims of his life to learn all he could of the art. Then he took the compass, and then he set down and figured. The result was not encouraging. They were about two hundred miles to the south'rd of the island of Madagascar!

Jack now gave the men to eat, and to see if he could find any on there; but the place was ten natives! All had gone off to the ship at the first overarching sea. He and his little party—eight souls—were all.

Having got some supper the men got out a spare main-topsail, and did something towards rigging for a jury-mast. The natives were cast on the right tangles, and the rigging all prepared. They divided themselves into two watches, of four each. Bias being now counted a man. Said Nat Anderson, who took charge of one watch,—

"I'd no had here Bias Brown, if I say man here where we only want keen sight and a brave heart. I tell ye, he's proved himself better than a man, than one half that gets seaman's wages."

"I don't think my boy," said Jack, gazing proudly into the face of his protege, "you know you're true and brave. I'll never look upon ye again but I think how well of a man ye be. Why,—when I see ye a goin' aft in the storm, with one hauny out in one hauny and the other hand to hold yerself with, I was kind o' skeery like; and when I used ye go under the sea and couldn't see a heart gave a jump as made it ache. But when I used ye go down—down,—and then come up, and blow, and cough, and look around for me,—I'd fathom under the sea—and then up and blow again, like a young porpoise prospectin' for a bit brawsy on without even lookin' back, I lost all my fear, and for awhile forgot my own safety for that of your'n."

In a spirit of generous enthusiasm the men joined in the meed of praise, and the boy blushed and smoor; though both Jack and Bias well knew that there were men among them who were not to be depended upon at all times for duty.

On the following morning all hands were called as soon as it was fairly light, and they went at work upon the jury-mast. Jack was strapping on a heavy block, and wanted a rope to reeve a small stuff. There was some hanging to the main chains, and Bias was sent to get it. He went, and after he got the lanyard he paused down upon the water.

"Why," he uttered, with a show of wonder, "*the water is rising!*"

Jack was the only one who understood what the boy had said, and even he did not at first comprehend its meaning. But as the words sounded through his mind a second time, he started, and a quick quivering of the muscles about the lips was perceptible.

"*Rising?*" he repeated, laying down the block. "Yes," said Bias, who had heard the sight of it. It's a good deal higher than it was an hour ago."

"Rising!" whispered the old sailor, hurrying to the rail. He looked over and a sight met his eye to broke from his lips.

"Oh! my God!" he gasped. "*We are sinking!*"

The other men dropped their work and leaped to the rail, and they saw it all in a moment.

"How can it be?" cried Ned. "The well was empty last night."

"I know," returned Jack. "But some strain has been given, and the working of the cargo has opened the seam in the hull. We must find the leak if we can. Off with the hatches!"

The hatches were thrown off, and the men went into the hold. Three lanterns were lighted and hung they could see the water, and from the hood, gurgling sound they knew it was coming in rapidly. Jack pondered for some moments earnestly. He was perfectly sure that the water was coming in very rapidly, and that to touch the pumps would be to waste time. So sure as he could judge a number of seams were opened. The timbers and planking had been strained by the storm while she was on her beamends, and during the night the lateral pressure of the cargo had pried them apart.

"Look ye, boys!" the old salt cried, after this deliberation, "there is but one thing left for us. I know there's a dozen big seams opened, so that we can neither stop them, nor pump her out. We must take to the boat! And we must be in a hurry, too; for I tell ye the water's comin' in fast. Now bear a hand and get the long-boat over as soon as we can."

The store-boat had been thoroughly smashed up, but the long-boat, which was stowed amidships, was in good order. The boat was heavy, but the case was an urgent one, and they soon had her over the side.

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"How can it be?" cried Nat

MY SPIRIT'S HOME.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

"In a granite ruin, wild and lonely,
I'm chrisom to its grandsire's dark decay—
Realm of many sylvadar lighted only
By the moon's pale lamp and the sunset's ray!
Yet there are halls as yet unpeopled, unfurnished,
Halls with gold, crimson, and priced purple hung,
And through the corridors of their solemn shelving,
Even colored windows dreamy light is flung.

I can gaze unmoved on the setting splendor
Of the sun, when he sinks in his gold-ray cave;
Or glance above at stars that, bright yet tender,
Gaze sweetly through a soft and silent haze.
Yet, though their stars are darkly fair, they never
That wide, mysterious handsome knows the night,
And though the stars are shining there forever,
Their beams seek through the dimness of twilight.

There many lonely tracts of evermore,
That mark the wanderers from the graves of heaven,
Through lichtless heaven and waves their lights are erring,
While far in they're said we'll black storms are driven,
And through the twilight and the night are blending.
A music, echoed from the angel choir,
Rolls still, amid forms of mortals once inspiring
A classic charm, wakes all the heaven's fire.

Heroes and theirs through such enchanted portal
Wander with silent step and solemn air;
And eyes lit by a glory all immortal
Blast their with light around theyhinder there.
Poems and Bards! whose names live in the memory
Whose spirits haunt the soft southern ancient lines,
And bend in meditation where a mortal eye
Ah! these are found in those runaway pines.

And in the halls where sacrosanct dharma sat glowing
There is a priest—with a misty veil
Flung half around its beauty, and a glowing
A face carves like a Grecian god's, and pale,
As the marble. Grey eyes look through
Its pompous, whose light I lived in heaven!
Its wonders to the world and to me,
As he would speak, were language only given.

A NEWPORT FLIRTATION.

BY ALICE CARY.

A slight flirtation comes under my observation lately, and believing it may interest my readers of the Ledger, (for who is not interested in such affairs?) I propose to relate the facts, part of which I saw, and all of which I believe.

Aboard the middle of the June which is just dead of a protracted chill, I took passage one day on the fine steamer "Metropolitan," for Newport. The west wind down, the sun shone, and the sleek, blushing red for their audacity, went after him for the sake of the beauty of the moment's work. Of course the grand picture brought everybody on deck—amongst the rest the young man who is to be the pointed object of interest in the little episode.

"Look over your left shoulder," said a low voice at my elbow.

I turned and saw a young woman of my acquaintance, who had kept the tenor of her way along the hall equipment of the ship, up to somewhere within the neighborhood of thirty-five! I will call her here Miss Louise Look-about.

"Going to Newport?" she asked me, vaguely, as we shook hands.

"Yes. Are you bound for the same haven?"

"Ay, you know I like to look about, and see what I can get," said Miss Look-about, with a revolving hat, which she fancied was unbecomingly plain, and laid down her curls in rather a coquettish fashion with her veil.

"How am I looking?" she whispered, very amusingly, I thought, in view of the circumstances, for there were six or seven hundred people aboard, instead of their "crew, captain, stewards——" I could not feel that she could reasonably expect to be specially observed, save in general observation.

When her apprehensions concerning the effect of the veil had been somewhat quieted, she whispered again—

"Why don't you look to your left?"

I did look to the left—all over the ocean, the sky, and across and across the water—from the great ships that I can think to the deep, sweet tea—the small fishing-crafts and row-boats, my eye ran inquisitively, and came to my companion with a blank expression, I am afraid, for she said, pettishly—

"How stupid! Do you suppose I am ridiculous enough to be gazing at a mass of weeds or water, which I care nothing about, when Captain B—— is standing within five yards of me, and I can hardly touch-me? Do you know him, or know anybody who does?"

I was obliged to reply in the negative. Louise was slightly discomfited, and leaned her head on her hand for a moment, looking off to the captain within range of her glance.

"He really is very handsome!" she repeated, directly. "I must manage it in some way."

I now gave the gentleman a more scrutinizing survey, but failed to discover anything remarkably interesting or attractive.

"Don't think he had like Webster's!" she continued.

I was obliged to say that I could not discover the likeness.

"Dear me! where is your judgment?"

"Why, my weak-sightedness, I think, yours, certainly!"

"Nonsense! I never allow my head to be turned, nor my judgment to be warpt; but women are always spoiled with me—I am used to it."

For the life of me I could see no cause for spite toward my friend, but made the soft answer that turneth away wrath, and she went on—

"Beautiful hair! Quite gray over the temples. I should think he must be forty, at least."

"Yes, I should think so."

"Fine eyes, too."

They were not; the color or expression, but, not daring to say so, I smiled responsively, and she went on—

"Just the bright I admire!"

I smiled again.

"And oh! what dear little hands and feet!"

She caught at my cloak as she spoke, in an excess of enthusiasm, which cause many playful havoc with that useful garment.

"The work of a fever and the delirium of a dream," I said, sarcastically, for when I saw the clumsy objects referred to so beautiful, it surpassed my ability to feign any longer. Fortunately Louise did not hear my remark—her attention was absorbed by the engrossing object of interest—the captain had taken up his hat while I was speaking, and in the significant attitude of a step or bow called up a vision that extinguished every reasonable probability, and carried the imaginative Miss Look-about into the realm of matrimonial felicity —the concluding words of my quotation had fallen upon this air, and where a moment past Louise had been sitting in all her bloom and beauty, there remained nothing but an unsightly wooden stool.

I heard her voice, however, in its sweetest modulations, and gathering up my bewildered senses I became aware that Louise was shaking hands with, and making herself known to the eligible Captain B——. The glory of the sunset was gone —the clouds were taking black ugly shapes low along the water—the wind was blowing sharply, and the spray now and then dashing over the deck. But Louise was becoming suddenly enamored of the prospect. She enjoyed a stiff breeze and rough waves!

Perhaps she was afraid of the night air—the captain suggested; many ladies were, though he confessed he could see no sympathies with them.

O, no; Miss Look-about was not afraid of the night air, nor, in fact, afraid of anything—how could she be under such protection? It would not be incurring any danger, even if the storm-fiend like to remain a long, long time—the close air of the cabin was stifling—the state rooms horrible, and besides it was so delightful to have the public of interest designated by one whose mind was so rich in reminiscence.

When I went below she had struck an attitude, and was ostensibly doing homage in a breeze—I think, however, she was in her heart bowing down to the image she had unconsciously had set up.

When supper was announced she swept the long drifts, on the arm of Captain B——, radiant with the look of victory, and that ceremony having been concluded, she sent back to my contemplation of the magnificent panorama of sea and sky, an edu expressed in a message and a request, inclined to positive musings, bordering on misgivings.

She even gave me a rose from a beautiful bouquet of flowers presented by Captain B——, and she let me an introduction, with the addenda that for her sake she hoped I would try to like him a little.

This proposal led to some reference to her own introduction, and I learned that she had artfully pared the way by an apology, including the assertion that everybody knew Captain B——, and that she, seeing and recognizing him, could not deny herself the pleasure of speaking to him. "And so much being accomplished," said Miss Look-about, "it was easy to make him understand that I was traveling alone, and to stitch from him the offer of care and protection." Of course Captain B—— was fully competent to the task, and then Miss Look-about knew it just because she did it. He was a military—what else could the cape on his hat mean?"

Our conversation was interrupted at this juncture by a servant with a message from Captain B——; he would like to see Miss Look-about for a few moments upon business. Of course I could not conceive of any thing of importance—but I myself inclined to recall the servant and remain content that she was suddenly indisposed. I made the offer to appear indifferent, she felt—it would look awkward, however, she concluded, to recall the messenger, and as I could come back again in a few minutes, she could do no better than defer attention to the captain's wishes as long as possible. I said I would wait for her, she was sure of that. Her toilet was at length concluded, and with an air of sprightliness, gauze, and fan and flowers coquettishly disposed, she descended with the step and manner of one accustomed to the admiration of all.

When she returned, it was with a hurried and agitated manner. She threw her arms hastily around my neck and kissed me with a warmth of affection which I could not comprehend, and then, dashing herself, face downward, upon the bed, burst into a flood of tears.

What could have got her Cologne—camphor—ammonia—all were of no avail.

Miss Look-about was ill, she was dead—wished she had never come to Newport—wished she was at home with her mother—or that she had a friend who could and would advise her—her judgment was all unfavorable to her heart, and how could she get relief?

A thought broke in upon my brain. The captain had really been paying his respects to the lady timidly. Miss Look-about replied, but he had asked her to ride with him to "The Glen" on the following morning, and of course he would propose marriage—he wished she could be a woman, and not the silly child she was.

The morning was charmingly inviting and a pair of the fine horses for which Newport is justly notable, were champing before the door, heiress, Arrayed in a sober dress, and closely veiled, she came her hysterics, and by a little powder herself, was handed into the luxurious carriage by Captain B——, and as in retrospective effect.

Sitting by this apparent wreck of sympathy, and handsome face, I could not help that a more bewitcher misfortune was about to cloud the sky of his life, the young man carried up, and standing on the deck, unobserved; nearly the whole population of tone and manner:

I agree for you in how to understand this! Are you, too, only a summer friend?"

In the space of nearly ten minutes Heston walked the floor of the apartment in which he had left Ellen, every moment expecting the return of his betrothed, but she came not back. At the end of this period, he was forced to realize that a state of mind, that, for a brief season, he mistook self-destruction. But other thoughts entered his mind, other feelings.

Once more he called to see the pet-enchanted face of his affections; but she refused to meet him, and the idol was cast down and broken into fragments at his feet. It was but gilded clay, and not the gold as he had vainly believed.

The effect of this double misfortune was altogether paralyzing. Heston fell into a state of gloomy inaction. Friends urged him to look the world bravely in the face once more, and begin again, with a stout heart, the battle of life. But he answered—

"No—I have been mocked once. Let that suffice. I will not run the risk of another such disaster."

"She is unworthy of a thought," said one, alluding to the maiden who had proved so meanly false to her vows; "and a thousand times unworthy of regret by as true a heart as yours."

"It is easy to say all that," was answered, in a tone of bitterness. "But the heart that once loves, loves on forever—loves, even though the object of affection be proved unworthy."

"More poets' talk!" the friend said. "True love is not given to a perception of qualities. You never truly loved this girl; and time will prove my words. Let her image pass from your thoughts like breath from the face of a mirror. Fling her memory to the winds."

Little effect had all this upon the mind of Heston. He held himself aloof from friends, and refused for nearly a year a kind of social recluse, brooding over the misfortunes which had so early in life made his sky sunless. As a clerk, on a moderate salary, he went through his monotonous round of duties, all interest in the future seeming to have died out of his heart.

At the end of a year there was a gay wedding in the city, a gay and happy enough to create a flutter in certain circles. A young merchant, who had started in business at the same time with Heston, but who was more successful, had added another venture in life, even the doubtful one of leading to the altar a maiden who had been false to her first lover, turning boorishly from him when the misfortune fell upon him.

This had the effect to spur into new life the almost dormant energies of our young friend. From that time he walked abroad with a firmer tread, and a countenance more elevated. If his old wounds were healed, he did not relapse, he simply entered upon a new and more healthful existence

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE BETTER TREASURES.

Before mines of gold and silver, or pearl and diamond deposits, give a steady and lasting source of wealth, plentiful iron and Coal. These most universal treasures that are scattered over entire lots all the ramifications of useful art; that emblazon the shield of all our mighty work-shops, and farm-fields with comfort and independence; that lie at the basis of manufactures, commerce, and all great enterprises; that are found in all the their broadest triumph, crown the nation with single inexhaustible wealth and power. Other wells of iron and coal no battles are fought but those of charity, honest labor. They are not a bone of contention between nations. Borne upon the great deep, they excite no piratical cupidity—robbery and murder walk not in their train.

Look over the world and observe what nations acquire and hold power; what nations grow great and strongest; what peoples are best enervated and degraded. Are they the land that abounds most with gold and gems? Are they Spain and Portugal, whose laps for centuries were strewn with the golden fruits of their New World discoveries and conquests? Are they Central and South America, or Mexico, to-day rotten with the cancer of their wealth in gold and silver, and tottering on the verge of total decay? Not at all. All that country is a warning that superabundance of what are called "the precious metals," and gems, is the greatest bane to the human race. These call for the labor of serfs and slaves; these make serfs and slaves; and these, placing every nation constantly within the grasp of man, debauch him and unfit him for every noble purpose.

The glory of the strength, intellect and freedom of the Old World abides with the nations that dig up no mines of gold and no gems in their soil. Even Russia despotism gives healthier promise to humanity in the future than those of Spain or Peru—because of the rugged national elements of her wealth, the development of her resources, even to the serf, physical incorruption. Compare Britain, Prussia, Denmark, Norway, Switzerland, Germany and France, with the South of Europe and with Asia. Compare the United States with Mexico and Central and South America. Do not the iron and wire bar handsled what are deemed the more precious and luxurious things; as the silver, are only the courier and ruder sources of comfort and wealth. But where is the more comfort, the more real luxury, the most and most intelligent enfranchised? Not in the gold regions, nor among the nations that have been lavished and exhausted by gold.

No country on earth is so blessed as ours in the true elements of wealth and strength, and to no two of these elements are we so much indebted as to our inexhaustible Iron and Coal. Buried in all our mountains and vallies, they invite and reward the toiler and capitalist, and stand for ages in reserve. They are a common and perpetual accessory and a common heritage of all wealth. We can scarcely pursue a trade, art, or profession of any kind, without them. They enter familiarly into all our dwellings. Our farm-houses, stores and shops, factories, steamers, railroads, and telegraphs, are built economises, quite as well as palaces and temples. We fight the battle of peaceful progress with them as weapons, and they never can withstand them. Without them, could gold create the "lightning-press?" could gold rear temple or pillar? could gold "move the world" as "iron" does therewith combined the hills to bow down and the hollows to be exalted?

Let us not be reprimitted with gold and gems. National strength, virtue, and freedom never come permanently from these. Providence directed the Pilgrim Fathers aright. They touched on the true gold coast, and their children and their land were settled a land far richer than all "the wealth of Ormus or of Ind." A land that has all the conditions of the highest civilization, and pure individual comfort and independence. A land of bold and brave by all precedents in national history, that in our iron, coal, copper and lead, we have the choicest of nature's material stores. Within the bosom of the earth we have exceeding treasure, and within and on the earth's surface, all that man can wish—if he wishes well for himself and his race.

THE EXTREME IN THE GULF.

Cuba has been well called the "Key of the Gulf," and the "Pearl of the Antilles." It is both. As a pearl, it is of "great price," and therefore Cuba might esteem herself fortunate to peculiarly plack it from the degrading position of Spanish slavery, for a hundred million dollars. Cuba was always the first point touched by Spanish discovery in the New World; and it is the last, as it has been and is, the richest gem of her New World possessions. So rich is it, reverentially speaking, that it takes care of itself, and a horde of viceregal plunderers, and fiendishe pestilences and the counterbalance to Spanish royalty. It is the last hope and prop of Spain; and no wonder that imbecile power clings to it. Having by her despotism and weakness lost all else in the New World, Spain cannot forego, short of ruin, her golden egg, Cuba.

But if Spain regards Cuba as a "pearl," invaluable for the revenue she can draw from it, other powers of Europe behold in it the key of empire and influence, commercial and political; a point commanding a watcher between the Spanish Indies and the United States broadside, swarming with admirable harbors and eminently fitted for maritime purposes. It cannot be less than a bar to Republican progress, and a taunting watched, watching and thwarting the whole New World.

Therefore, not only to preserve Spain in her "darkest night" of ruthless and despotic possession, which is a part of the business of the family league of monarchies, but also to further their own great commercial interests, the powers of Europe will not readily consent to the independence of Cuba, nor to its absorption by the United States. On the other hand, Cuba, like her sister of the New World, is in the shade of Spanish power, and will become either a Republic, or a member in the confederation of the free United States. The United States, also, have, for the very purpose of preventing Cuba from already allotted to, the strongest interest in driving Old World dominions out of Cuba, and planting there a Republic, or an ally of republicanism.

All this is understood between the Powers of the olds of Cuba and the United States. On the principle of the sovereignty of the people, Cuba has an undoubted right to be free. But the United States do it, while the interests of the United States is not compatible to her own, in a Republican sense, by a "manifest destiny" for republicanism, is for man-kind and God's sake, to drive Europe from the Atlantic, whose cliffs' design this side the ocean is not the benefit of evil or people, but a conceive manifestation against the spread and power of popular liberty.

Therefore, Cuba is a stake between the Old World and the New, to be played for by peace or war cards, as Spain and Europe shall elect. Cuba is to us, as certainly as the sun shines from the heavens, by the New World. It is only a question of time. The propagandism and determination of the Cuban people are well known, and the policy of the United States, as recently developed and expressed, to leave her final action, in a contest for Cuba, a matter of doubt. Cuba must belong to the family of free nations—or republics, in the whole New World republic. And nothing can more effectually hasten that consummation than the recall of European interference, and the course pursued by the tyrant Spain in her present struggle with Cuba. These are urging their day of doom, which horses near, ready to belch its avenging and inextinguishable lightnings.

THE BABY QUESTION.

If there is anything on earth which we detest more than another, it is the "baby question." It is a prolific source of troublesome cough, at the best; but a spasiling baby—the horror of horrors—is the most unendurable nuisance of domestic life.—*Charleston Herald.*

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FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VISITING AND VISITORS.

"When are you coming to spend the day with us?" asked a lady of my acquaintance of another. "Spend the day with you, my dear!" replied the latter; I should be tired to death spending the day with you; say be I'll take tea with you sometime."

I have often pleased myself imagining how the wheels of society would creak groaned with such a burden as that said and yet how many of us but dared to speak their real sentiments, would make a similar response. Now, I respect that old lady; she had made good use of her years; she probably knew what it was to talk at a mark for hours on the stretch, to some one-sided stature, with, with crossed hands and starched attitude, seemed remembered exacting of her every langue.—Give! She knew what it was to long for dinner to require her attention, as, at least, afford them a diversion of labor. She knew what it was to be gladder to see one's husband home on such a day, for the very pleasure of his face, than she knew what it was to have those hopes dashed to earth by that ingrainer mask, studiously revealing behind his newspaper, instead of acknowledging the conversation as he ought. She knew what it was to have the power for her afternoon nap, (I most call it "siesta,") instead of which, with flushed brow, and a spasm of nervous headache displaced, she must still keep on ringing changes on the subject of her own, in a listener's ear, or syllable statue, who—horror of horrors!—had "concluded to stay to tea." She knew what it was to a fit of passion, and write a book of reflections to the statue, and to hear that interesting functionary remark on leaving the gate, that "it was a very weak." She knew what it was to steal in for a merry little overflow of a neighbor to a morning guard, and receive for answer, "that she had gone out of town?" She knew what it was to wish that he was dead, and to wish, with the same breath, for their sepress, if need be, that she might have an issue of hers. She knew what it was to be a widow of half-hour. She knew what it was to have the Christian name of your child in a manner expressed, to leave her final action, in a contest for Cuba, a matter of doubt. Cuba must belong to the family of free nations—or republics, in the whole New World republic. And nothing can more effectually hasten that consummation than the recall of European interference, and the course pursued by the tyrant Spain in her present struggle with Cuba. These are urging their day of doom, which horses near, ready to belch its avenging and inextinguishable lightnings.

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LOW-NECKED DRESSES.

Many people seem to think that the ladies of the present day exhibit more neck, with its collarbeads, than was ever before displayed, and such is not the fact. Woman seems to have had a love perception, in all ages, of the most beautiful sculptured forms, and has not been slow to display such self thereof. Not to mention the courts of Charles II. of England, and the days of the Directory, when female voluptuousness reached the apex of its most bewildering, jelly consistency, we find, even in the infancy of the staid village of William Penn—his beloved Philadelphia—the men had to interfere to put a stop to the "exposure of the bust" and the sex, and stanch.

"Bust" you think, of sex pure or upmeds, shall appear in any public street, hall, highway, church, court-house, booth, tent, cave, or any other place, except the head be naked shoulders, (that is, low-necked dress,) being able to conceal unnecessary clothing, she shall pay a fine of not less one, nor more than ten pounds."

The clause purporting to be of law, however, permits women of fit-people to bare their shoulders, as a badge of distinction from the common herd. Such is the disreputable origin of the fashion of showing neck and bust. Our thoughtless or lack women, now seem to exult in beneath the broad blaze of day and the glare of gas chandeliers.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.—OUR FREE-LOVE contemporary, the "Tribune," has undertaken to write the new edition of a few errors confined in a healthy-written note addressed to it by one of our school-teachers. This, so far as the reputation of the teacher is concerned, is all very well; but "Harper's Weekly" has taken the "Tribune" in hand, and shown that in the very article in which that horrid school fault with the teacher, it was itself guilty of several gross grammatical blunders. The school-teachers are, of course, delighted with the turn which the affair has taken, and the whole town is in a roar at the exposure of the "Tribune's" blunders. We have not a word to say in defence of the school-teacher; but we do think that the "Tribune" should now, in justice to its readers, call attention to its own blunders, and not break a public officer for the precise thing of which it is guilty itself.

"One sits alike, unlike rewards bare hand,
And whilst this villain's hang'd, the other's crowned."

WOMEN AND LITERATURE.

I wish that the many young women of our country, who are too ambitious of position and distinction to accept, with any degree of contentment, the portion of trial and of humble and obscure duty in which the ordinary course of God's providence runs for them, could read Southey's excellent letter of advice to Miss Bronte.

One or two passages I must be allowed to quote. He says: "The day-dreams in which you habitually indulge are likely to induce a disinclination for active mind; and in proportion as all the ordinary uses of the world seem to you flat and unprofitable, you will be unfitted for them, without becoming fitted for anything else. Literature cannot be the business of a woman's life, and it ought not to be. The more she is engaged in her proper duties, the less leisure will she have for it, even as an accomplishment and a recreation."

All this is the very truest truth, and those women who have chosen literature as a profession, feel it so most surely. Even to the one in ten thousand who succeeds, success is disappointing and empty in the success. What a moaning she sends out from her solitude, when she sits by her unshared fire of winter nights, and hears the nations praising her far off! A woman is mistaken when she prefunds herself into the belief that it is the praise of the world she desires—it is only the praise of the few that she cares for—the little circle of friends —the more intimate household, and the one dearer and best beloved than all—these, I say, and these only, inspire all which the nations praise far off. It is the sympathy of the future she looks to when the fine sentence is written, but the pleasure, the astonishment, or, possibly, the spite of the individuals who know her personally and surround her, is so much larger in proportion, and though at first it may not seem so, in the long run, it always will come other times when she must go back to her nature, in spite of all her calculations and all her efforts to prevent it, and what happiness has she cast, and set crusher out her heart—beneath the burden with duties—nothing for her offspring to be praised, and her children to rise up and call her blessed—shyness of regard for own neighborhood, and ungrained by any except those whose praise is made sweet by love and gratitude.

Let me say to you, silent tears to weep, and patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour," and I will close this letter. Learn daily of your Saviour, and of your self can never in the world be healed.

ALICE CARY.

FLOWERS, FRESH FLOWERS!

Mr. Hovey, of the Horticultural Society of the American Agricultural Association issued an address to nurserymen, gardeners, amateurs and others, pointing out the objects which exhibitions annually, at their hall, in the city, and to award premiums for the best specimens that might be offered—the premiums to be graduated by intelligent and impartial committees. The first exhibition will be held on the 15th of next month, and the first exhibition will be held on the 15th of next month, and the first exhibition will be held on the 15th of next month, and the

THE DEAD DAY.

(Written by the Sea-side.)

BY ALICE CARY.

At last the slightest Day is dead!
Shut up her eyes, I pray;
From daylight of the little golden head,
That has withstood her life away!

Keep all your voices from the piteous sight,
Oh, and I so strong and grand!
Cover dear them with flowers all night,
And bury them in the sand.

It is so tender there beside its force
Sweet tones against the skies,
When the bell low in the wind—disgrace
With fortune, and mere's eyes."

Oh, it is well to be soft and dead
Into dust, poor slighted Day.
For the light of a little golden head
Has withered the heart away.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS,

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Haunted Wife," "The Missing Bride," "Retribution," etc.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BARBARA'S VOYAGE.

"Merely, merely pass the shore,
On a breeze from the northward free;
So shall I escape the morning sky she bore,
Or the swan through the summer sea."
Upon the gale she stoops her wing,
And bounds before the swelling tide,
As she were dancing home:
The merry sailors laugh to see
Their gallant ship so lightly ride
Across the green sea foam."

Scott.

The Petrel was favored with the weather until the seventh day out, when near 20° north latitude she entered the gulf-stream, and faced the rude winds then blowing from an east and north-easterly direction. The violence and persistence of this gale kept her back for several days, so that it was the first of November before she dropped anchor in the harbor of Havana.

Here Lord Montrevor took leave of Miss Brandu, cordially shaking hands with her on parting, and asking and receiving permission to visit the vessel during her stay in port.

And while Barbara occupied herself with discharging her cargo, Lord Montrevor established himself at the Hotel Macao, and from that quarter pursued his inquiries for Reuble. He found that the Sea Mew had reached port fifteen days previous to the arrival of the Petrel; that she had discharged her cargo, taken in fresh freight, and about a week since had sailed for Rio Janeiro. But he could learn of no passengers who had left Brought to Havana; on the contrary he was assured by several persons of whom he made the inquiry that she had sailed brought none.

But opposed to this testimony were the facts that he had learned at Baltimore. Thus with a perplexed, discouraged, but persevering heart he still pursued the almost hopeless search.

In the progress of his investigations, particularly near the harbor, he often met with Barbara Brandu. So well had ever passed between them upon the object of his voyage, yet that object was well known to Miss Brandu. She longed for the sister's privilege of consulting him. Knowing the utter futility of his search, she felt it to be, in herself, a sort of treachery to permit him to pursue it. Often when they chanced to meet, her sympathizing eyes were fixed with a sorrowful, pitying expression upon his troubled countenance.

Once when he visited her, in the cabin of her own vessel, while both sat at the little centre table, she fixed her honest eyes full upon his care-worn face and said—

"Lord Montrevor give me your confidence."

He looked up in surprise.

Her open countenance did not blench, nor was her straightforward look for a moment withdrawn. Indeed there was in her resonant tones, unflinching regard, and confident manner something of the nobleity of the spirit. Lord Montrevor really admired the honest, brave, upright and downright nature of Barbara Brandu. And now it was something more than admiration, it was a sort of deference that he felt for her. But she was extremely straight at him, and was waiting for an answer.

"But why, Miss Brandu, should I burthen you with my confidence?" he asked mildly.

"Because I can aid you."

"You, can aid me?"

"Ay, sir; for I know your history. Do not ask me how I know it, for I cannot tell you without a breach of confidence. But, sir, I know the object of your pursuit, and know it to be for the present at least, utterly futile—as it indeed should be!"

"Miss Brandu!"

"Lord Montrevor, I have no puerile fear of mis-construction at your hands—you are not the slave of a conventional rule and code. You are a gentleman, and a bad master! You will not, I am sure, accuse me of obtrusiveness—and even if you did——"

"And if I did——?"

"I should receive it!" smiled Barbara.

But then growing suddenly serious, she said—

"I told you that I could aid you. I have not the that power of helping you, I had not spoken?"

"I thank you from the depths of my heart, Miss Brandu! And I am sure that your words will be justified. But—you know my story! You know the object of my voyage! Can you tell me where Lady Montrevor is?"

"Sir, I cannot answer that question without a breach of confidence. What I can tell you without blame, I will tell you without question. In the first place your search here is entirely useless—for Lady Montrevor is not in Havana. In the second place, where she is, I am not at liberty to say, even for the present to sequester herself from you."

"For the present!"

"And for the present. Your lordship will please to put yourself for a moment in this lady's place, and you will see that as a Christian woman, she can do no otherwise than she does. Consider, sir, that the sanctity of your marriage is pursued and rests for final decision with the Spiritual court of Arches."

"Miss Brandu! a higher tribunal than any earthly court has already adjudged this cause. The claimant of Lady Montrevor's hand is numbered with the dead."

"I know it. Yet her forgetful men act! You should remember, sir, that the claimant was also once, whether rightfully or wrongfully—the *per amor* of this lady's hand. Therefore, my lord, the lady is right, right, right, and forever right, in having considered that circumstance—while that claimant lived, a barrier to her second marriage. And now, Lord Montrevor, let me say to you, that all your hopes for a future union with the lady Estelle rests upon the decision of the Court of Arches."

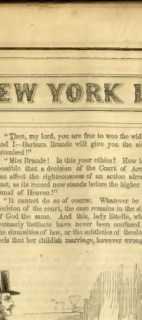
"In the name of Heaven, *how*—what do you mean?"

"This—should the Court of Arches decide the marriage of Monsieur L'Orient and Miss Morelle to have been illegal——"

"Well! then?"

"She will never emerge from her obscurity; as a delicate and high minded woman she never can. But on the other hand, should the Court of Arches decide that her childish marriage was legal——"

"Well! then?"



DAME HIGGINS WELCOMING LORD MONTREVOR BACK TO DUNSMORE.

"Then, my lord, you are free to woo the widow, and I—Barbara Brandu will give you the aid I promised!"

"Miss Brandu! Is this your creed? How is it possible that a decision of the Court of Arches can affect the righteousness of an action already past, as its record now stands before the higher tribunal of Heaven?"

"It cannot do so of course. Whatever be the decision of the court, the case remains in the sight of God the same. And this, lady Estelle, whose womanly instincts have never been confused by the sophistries of law, or the subtleties of theology, feels that her childish marriage, however wrong in itself, was binding in its obligations. Those who assail the legality of that unhappy union, wound her in the tenderest point. And should the Court of Arches decide against it, they will cast upon her a reproach that she will never consent to marrying, to reflect upon *any one on earth!*" said Barbara, as a sudden and burning blush, for the freedom of her speech, swept over her cheek and vindicated the woman's under the brave's nature. For Barbara was as modest and sensitive as she was frank and brave. She could deeply feel, as well as disregard the pain of speaking upon this delicate subject.

Lord Montrevor admired the rare honesty, sense. I identified his body and assisted at his funeral."

"He is therefore not likely to re-appear and claim Estelle."

"I should think not!"

"But I had rather hear you say that you are sure not! After the lesson we received from that gentleman on the danger of taking things for granted, it is better that we should proceed *only* upon positive information."

"Then I am sure that Monsieur L'Orient will give us no more trouble."

"Very well then! *circumstance she sees!* that fact of Monsieur L'Orient's secretained decease changes the whole face of affairs, and the whole policy of proceeding !!"

"I listen to hear further," said Lord Montrevor.

"As Monsieur L'Orient can never re-appear to claim his former position, we must, therefore, work and establish the validity of his marriage with her?"

"*What!!*"

"Certainly! To establish his marriage will not now be as once it would have been—to raise up an insurmountable obstacle to your own! since the same decision that will declare Estelle no widow can free Victoire's wife—will prove her now to be his widow!"

"Yet still I do not see the necessity of pushing this affair through the Court of Arches, since the decision of that court can in do degree alter the position of the facts as they now stand," said Lord Montrevor, whose honest soul was concerned for truth more rather than expediency.

"It is necessary to redeem the name of Estelle from unmerited reproach—nay, more, it is necessary for your own honor!"

"I cannot feel that my honor or hers rests, or ever could rest, upon the chance of a decision of the Court of Arches, or any other court upon earth."

"Hem! you would not wish it said that you had married Monsieur Victoire L'Orient's wife!"

"Barbara, sir!" thundered Lord Montrevor, growing livid with emotion.

"——Victoire,—would you?" concluded Lord Danzigrieb, heedless of the interruption.

"Danzigrieb! Danzigrieb! you abuse my forbearance."

"You would not like to have that said? I know you would not! Then, my lord, you must have your own expression, entirely 'null, void, and of none effect' in the event of death in any of the parties! if by law, testimony, and precedential—proved it to the satisfaction of the Arches. Allen Percy, of the Bishop of Exeter, of the Reverend Mr. Oldfield, and of myself!—In short, to the satisfaction of everybody, except you!"

"Which you think would make it very awkward for me were I to go to work and prove the same marriage to be perfectly legal, valid and binding! to prove this by as strong, if not stronger legal tools," replied Lord Danzigrieb, laughing.

"You yourself took the ground that the childmarriage is no bar to the future. Allow me your own expression, entirely 'null, void, and of none effect' in the event of death in any of the parties! if by law, testimony, and precedential—proved it to the satisfaction of the Arches. Allen Percy, of the Bishop of Exeter, of the Reverend Mr. Oldfield, and of myself!—In short, to the satisfaction of everybody, except you!"

"Which you think would make it very awkward for me were I to go to work and prove the same marriage to be perfectly legal, valid and binding! to prove this by as strong, if not stronger legal precedent?—to prove it, if necessary, 'to the satisfaction of Sir James Allen Parker, of the Bishop of Exeter, of the Reverend Mr. Oldfield,' of yourself, and of all others, not excepting Estelle! Not at all, my lord! in the event of death in any of the parties! A lawyer knows his business can, by a judicious application of law, testimony and precedent, prove or disprove anything that he may be required to establish or to refute! Even to 'those who bind can loose,' those who loose can bind! I will undertake to establish before the Court of Arches, the marriage of Monsieur and Monsieur L'Orient to have been perfectly legal, binding, and valid—unless annulled by either or death!"

"Oh! Danzigrieb! Danzigrieb!"

"Of course, having once successfully annulled and overthrown that marriage before one court, I should be extremely apprehensive of its revival! But I can find a lawyer of talent and character, and an able man who will be interested, so that he shall be able to do it."

"Oh! Danzigrieb! Danzigrieb!"

"My conscientious client, you never worked your way up from the position of a provincial attorney to the rank of a first-class lawyer, by cheapery, or you would certainly have learned something of the law's uncertainties, and of the use those who know how to avail themselves of its advantages. The law is the most exact of sciences *in theory*—the most uncertain of all *sets in practice*. All depends upon the application of its powers. Lord Montrevor, you and I are going to part, as I said the last lawyer in England."

"Mr. Danzigrieb! Danzigrieb! will named Danzigrieb!"

"But I have come Johnson to lay the cloth for supper," said the Baron as that functionary appeared.

Lord Montrevor arose and paced up and down the floor, saying to himself—

"Poor child! poor child! Estelle knows nothing of the worldly wisdom, this doubting and twisting, and twisting by sophistry of the law, and that is it, is not responsible for it, is indeed totally ignorant of it. From first to last, through all this weaving and trimming of others, she is, I am sure, pure, high, straightforward coarse, her path of life. Her conscience and judgment are at war in contrast with these two arrows she seemed so true, and so lovely, and so lovely! and I love her, took the form of prayer, and he stood in perfect silence before the window, until the cheery voice of Lord Danzigrieb announced him to the table.

"Pull me one thing!" said Lord Montrevor as he took his seat at the board, "tell me that the satisfaction of my old friendship for you,—how you have contributed to extricate him to the utmost of his first marriage unless you believed it to have been illegal?—and if you believe it to be so how can you consider it to be a cause for divorce?"

"I will tell you—as you said a lawyer's opinion or a judge's decision depends upon the application of the moral aspect of any case. Now the moral aspect of that case, to me, was this!—that no sinner should be allowed to take advantage of his own sin—that Monsieur Victoire should not be allowed to profit by the agency of a crime, of a bad he so dishonestly possessed himself!—if there was any law to prevent him from doing so. And of course I knew that there was plenty of law for that, as for most other purposes, good or evil. And I determined to use the law. As for the illegal character of that marriage—there was no much to be said on both sides, that really, had my own feelings been disinterested, I should have found it difficult to have taken up with one, either side; but my sympathies were strongly enlisted, and I went to work with all my heart and soul to save Estelle

from the talons of the waiters Victorine. Now that the bird of prey is dead—though neither the social nor the legal aspect of that fatal marriage is altered by that circumstance, any more than it could be by the decision of a court—yet my policy is changed—it is now expedient, for the reasons hereafter stated, that I use the powers of the law to establish the validity of the marriage, which it was then expedient that I used the same powers to overthrow. Then I was compelled to choose between two evils—now I advocate a positive good."

"Thank God, Rodolfe is innocent of the knowledge of your policy! I can bear the system of expediency by you. I can even thank you for it, and admit that there is a sort of worldly wisdom in it! Nay, more—I can accept your congratulations upon my disappointment in failing to meet Rodolfe! And I can rejoice in the knowledge of never having passed one thoughtful hour with her since our marriage ceremony! For, Indeed, scarcely to pass my own soul alive, would I bring upon her suffering upon which my heart could not dwell. I will await the action of the Archer Court."

"A wise plan!"

"If that court pronounce her free, infantile marriage to have been, as I am sure I believe, illegal, it follows that the second one was legal, and that Rodolfe is my lawful wife. If, on the contrary, that marriage is to have been valid—still by the death of Ulbert, Rodolfe is free—I should woo and wed her. That is all."

"Except that in the latter case Rodolfe would be freed from the sign of Shame!"

"She is free from that in either case! She was innocent of the intention of wrong doing!"

"Innocent, indeed, in the sense of not intending wrong!"

Lord Montrevor made a movement of impatience, and then said—

"Since Ulbert, at whose suit the action was brought before the Archer Court, is dead—at whose instance is that suit now carried forward?"

"At her father's."

"At Sir Parke Mordello's?"

"He has returned to England."

"And to his right mind, which is better still."

"You assure me! Is he reconciled to his unhappy young daughter, then?" inquired Lord Montrevor, in astonishment.

"Hey—nay—do not be in a hurry. You said that Rodolfe was in Maryland. Sir Parke and Nor Sir Parke has just returned from Italy, and is spending his Christmas at Hyde Hall, Dorsetshire. How is it possible they should be now reconciled?"

"By one epistolary correspondence I should think it might have been done."

"But he has not been done! Sir Parke does not even know where she is, or anything of her movements since the trial, except that she withdrew from yourself, namely, that she embarked for America. He is exceedingly anxious for a meeting and reconciliation with her. He has sent agents and families to advertise even with caution and disguise, but he has changed his confidential agent in America to seek her out."

"Still in a hysteric? Does he expect to find her at that confidant?" exclaimed Lord Montrevor, impatiently, for he remembered that the Sir Parke's unnatural conduct had, in the late repulsion, the poor "stricken deer" might now be safe in the covert of her father's house.

"Yes! he hopes his agent will find her even on that vast continent? Sir Parke, Her most untoward fault country gentleman, he opens the 'vast continent' of America as a 'vast' wilderness, with only a few coast towns such as Boston, New York, and the like, whose population might be soon sifted by an intelligent 'detective.' That term is made of geography and newspapers, is the shortest idea of Sir Parke."

"Pshaw!"

Lord Dazzlebright laughed.

Lord Montrevor arose, and looked steadily into the eyes of the sybarite.

"What do you suppose, Dazzlebright, to be the cause of Sir Parke Mordello's change of feelings and purposes towards his daughter?"

"What might readily happen under Nature to be the fundamental cause. Surely, his present relenting is more natural than his former cruelty towards her."

"Sir Parke is not a man to be governed by his natural affections."

"Perhaps not always. But in this case, what is left but the revision of his first acquiescence against Estelle? Has he any other daughter?—has he any son? Has he ever a sister or nephew or niece nearer to his vast estate?"

"It is true, he has not; yet not the point pertinently. Yet, these circumstances alone would not sway his conduct! The opinion of the world is the breath of his nostrils."

"Breathe! you have found it!"

"Pish! I am more confounded than ever! being at a great loss to know how his love of the world should move him in favor of her whom the world has trampled on."

"There you are mistaken. Most people are confounded, who cannot find a reason. The world did not forsake Estelle! Estelle forsook the world; you pursued her in such hot haste, as soon to set foot dishonored on the shore."

"What do you tell me?" exclaimed Lord Montrevor, in a start of glad surprise and incredulity.

"That there is not a woman in England more beloved and respected by most than whom love and respect are most valuable, than our Estelle!"

"Dazzlebright! she cannot be so! The world is not so just to the fallen angel!"

"The world, like the devil, is not half so black as it is painted. 'Lilian's misfortune' is commonplace with action." It was inevitable, at first, when the sublimest and enormity of the charge brought against Estelle had shocked her friends and acquaintances from their propriety, that she should have been regarded with abhorrence. But when that pause was past; when people had time to become composed and thoughtful; and above all, when the simple facts developed and proved upon the trial had replaced the exaggerated *éclat* of gossip; and when it was understood that Estelle had, from the moment of her arrest at the altar, preserved herself from the intrusion of Lord Montrevor, and had, as soon as possible, withdrawn herself from his knowledge, there was a reflux in the action in her favor."

"Thank God for that! Thank God for that! Thank God that the public were able to know Estelle and do her justice!" exclaimed Lord Montrevor, who, though in heart might have the fluctuations of popular opinion for himself, yet dreaded it for Estelle.

"Thank God for all things, and the world for nothing!" replied Dazzlebright; "Estelle's whole life of goodness was not to be abrogated by one storm of calumny! That was a crisis in which the power of her own personal righteousness saved her. Your own name, character, reputation and popularity also served her well!"

"Whatever of good repute, or 'golden opinions' I possessed were at her service—were under her foot, if that would have saved them from the burning plough-share!" said Lord Montrevor, fervently.

"Unscathed she passed those fiery plough-shares. Her trial over, people judged her, in some sort, as you and I judge her. But the world, which, from the facts elicited on her trial, her subsequent self-sacrifice, all tended to draw back to her esteem and affection. All whose good opinion is worth having, love and revere her. Even the surface and unjust judgment does not traduce her, but their motive becomes too apparent. And now I say, as I said in the beginning, that is not a woman to be forgotten or slowly esteemed than Estelle. Sir Parke Mordello, restored to his senses, will be the first to come back to find this state of feeling prevailing. It effected, it influenced, it governed him. He resolved to reck and cull home his wandering child. If his resolution needed confirming, it received confirmation. He found in his own heart pity and sympathy in the highest quarters—Sir Parke and Lady Mordello attended the first drawing-room of the season. It was unusually brilliant, and so crowded that royalty could conclude but a very few to each passing regiment for notice. Lady Mordello's turn came; judge the effect when Queen Adelaide—the universal goodness by general suffering graciously after the health of Lady Mordello's daughter, expressing regret at her absence from the court! This was done for a purpose, and it effected its object. Amidst the most eminent personages—of a nobility indubitable and unquestioned—and do as they please, because it is impossible for them to be otherwise than right

LEOLINE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY SIMSON

And my hand, I know it trembled,
When you told warm words of truth;
Still an ice-bound, but ugly blemish,
By that touch was melted soft.
The words were touched me to my heart,
Though they are not and few;
And all that I believed and knew,
I felt would be to you!

Soon, when a flame fought my
In melting ice my hand,
Was I back upon those days gone by?
I shall be on the dead!
You give me, and in the hour and time,
Before you grasp the hour;
And all that I believed and knew,
Let me then to you!

Still we are friends, but only friends,"
"To all that I can say;
And clouds are gathering o'er our heads
To sweep rest that away.
No room, to a life the same, for love
To tender and so true;
Yet all that "Leoline" was to him,
I must be that to you!

You'll have your heart and another breast,
Another heart you'd find;
Yet sometimes, in those days of rest,
Let those come back to mind!
Some of me, with the whole,
Our own sweet "Leoline" of love,"
All that I can be, and so true to him,
I pay dear to you.

THE DISGUISED ROBBER.

FROM A LAWYER'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY STEPANIA CORN, JR.

The following story, told me by an old friend, gives me so much pleasure that I determined to share it with the million readers of the Ledger. My friend told it to this way:—

"Not long since I was stopping awhile at Leavenworth, Indiana. A former partner of mine had been doing business there, and as matters were growing I promised to remain with him a month. He was away in Ohio, and I had charge of his office—a very responsible affair, by the way, and altogether lovely. Early one morning as I sat alone with my feet on the desk, engaged in imagining the presence of more of figure in the smoke that curled up from my cigar, the door opened, and a man entered. He was a young man, over thirty-five, and I was sure I had seen him before. He took a seat.

"Good morning, sir," he said.

"Good morning," I returned.

"Ah—excuse me, this you?" my visitor uttered, starting up.

"Yes, sir," I told him.

"And don't you remember your old class-mate Harvey Allen?"

It was Harvey, sure enough. Good, generous Harvey—only grown a little older, and with a slightly downward stealing of the lines about the hands, and were cast talking of old times with much spirit.

"How is brother Charley?" I asked him.

"Ah!" he answered, with a sudden clasping of the hands, while a shade of deep pain passed over his handsome face, "that's it. that's why I'm here."

"In jail?"

"Yes, in jail! And it is on that account I have come here. Poor Charley! He's in a bad fix, sir!"

I had known Charley Gibson, well. He was five years younger than Harvey—a noble, generous, light-hearted fellow; full of wit and good sense; the center of joy in any social assembly where he might be found by all who knew him. Harvey and one of the best looking fellows I ever saw. I was sure anything to know what had happened, and Harvey soon enlightened me.

"He has been apprehended for robbery, sir!" my visitor commenced. "Two weeks ago he stopped at a hotel in Indianapolis, and during the night of that night, a banker and his partner there was robbed of over a hundred thousand dollars in gold and bank-notes."

"But how came a banker to have such an amount of with him?" I asked.

"He was on his way to St. Louis with it; and as nearly the whole distance was to be traveled by rail he feel to leave it with him."

"But how came your brother to be suspected?"

"It's strict—for—the whole of it!" Harvey said. "Charley reached the city late in the afternoon, and went at once to the hotel and engaged a room. Then he went out and transacted some business, and returned about nine o'clock, having eaten his supper at a small cook-shop in another part of the town. He went to the office and got the key to his room, and went up to bed. The room was also a small one, and had three doors. One opened into a hall—for which he had entered. Another opened into a closet; and the third, which was flattened upon the opposite side, seemed to open into another room. He said he took particular notice of the doors, because the room was so much smaller than the ordinary bed-room, and because he hence supposed that he had been put into a mere servant's closet, and begged for a larger and better room. The adjoining apartment was intended for a gentleman and this for his attendant.

"However, Charley was tired enough with it, and say no more about it. He had as first been supposed to turn down the office, and make a complaint of the smallness of his room, and the questionable character of his hall; but I was only for one night, and he thought it best to let it go. And he retired. He secured the door leading to the hall; but in his quandary he forgot to bolt the second door upon the other side, but still he would have secured it in some way had he thought of it.

"He retired, and blew out his light, and went to sleep. He slept some time, but not very soundly. He never could sleep well when away from home. When away from that fair and loving companion, who made his life bright and joyous, he could only slumber and dream, and lie awake and ponder. It was some time past midnight when he was startled by hearing some one in his room. He had been sleeping more soundly than usual before the commotion, and there might have been considerable movement in his room before he awoke. He started up, and saw a man in the room, a dusky form more from the foot of his bed, where his clothes—towards the door which led to the adjoining apartment. The moon was up, and there was light enough to see outlines quite plainly.

"Charley leaped from his bed and moved towards the door. He reached it, and opened it just in season to see the same dark form passing through the doorway of the next chamber into the hall. He darted forward; but when he reached the hall he found it dark as Erebus. The only windows were at the extreme ends, and they were curtained. If there had been a lamp burning in the hall, it had been put out. He entered the hall, and then stopped and listened, but he could hear nothing. His first impulse was to follow on. But what was the use? He had not even a sound to guide him, and amid the various entries, halls, and passages he would be sure to lose his way. His next thought was of giving an alarm, but what good would that do? He might raise the whole house for nothing. Perhaps there had been no mischief done—perhaps none intended. He thought he would return, and if nothing had been lost, he would retire again.

"He went back and felt his clothes. Coat, vest, pants, cravat, shirt, and all the rest were there. He looked under his pillow, and there were his watch, his pocket-book, and his pistol. All was safe, and he resolved to seek his rest again. But before doing so, he thought he would see if there was any one in the adjoining room—the one through which he had passed. He went and looked in. He saw a bed, and he was sure there was some one in it. The room was dark. He closed the door as easily as possible, and having pulled two chairs and a wash-stand up against it, he once more sought his bed. He was disturbed no more for the night.

"In the morning he arose with the sun. He could sleep no more, and as the air was cool, fancying that he should be confined to work all before breakfast. He dressed himself and went down. None of the household were up save one of the hostlers, who had just come to the stables. Sir Charley passed out, and having looked around a few moments, he started off towards the office. The sun was just clear of the hill-tops, and the scene was delightful. He reached the river and leaned on down its bank. He fell into a train of interesting thought, and walked on. Castle after castle was built, high up in the air, and they demolished, as all the sun had been up over an hour. He looked at his watch, and found it two hours. He had an idea he had been gone so long. He turned and started back, and when he reached the hotel, he found the inmates in wild commotion. He asked what was the matter, and somebody told him that a robbery had been committed. He saw the landlord at the door, and hastened forward.

"'What is it?' he asked.

"'Ah!' said the host, and as he spoke he clapped his hands to his head, and looked as if he were frightened. Then he cried out—*Here he is!*' and upon that two officers came up and informed Charley that he was their prisoner!"

"Well," said I, as my visitor stopped to gain his breath, "what were their grounds for suspicion?"

"Very plain, very conclusive, and very simple. Very simple to others, but very perplexing to poor Charley. The man who committed the robbery, and robbing my brother's was the banker. His name was Jacob Bowers. He had been robbed of over a hundred thousand dollars! There were two thousand and dollars in gold; forty thousand in the notes of various eastern banks, and over fifty thousand in United States Treasury notes, which were good as gold, and negotiable anywhere. The robbery was that he was awakened sometime during the night by a noise in his room, and on looking up he saw my brother just passing from his room into the hall. He stood in the hall a few moments, and then returned to his room, and went to bed. He immediately afterwards he came back and looked towards the bed, as though to see if everything was in the banker slept, and then retired and closed the door.

"Mr. Bowers said he was fearful of *speaking*, lest he might be murdered, so he made no noise to signify that he was awake. He thought that he did not give immediate alarm, he said that he did not dare to. He feared that the robber was in the hall, ing his movements, and would kill him if he moved. He is a nervous, timid man, and not the one person whom I should have trusted with money where there was danger. But then, as I was traveling was to be by rail, and only that one night at a large hotel, however, uncompromising honesty was considered safety enough.

"Charley admitted all that had been sworn to by the banker, and then told his story as above. But they must search him. He submitted to the trial—by. All his pockets were overhauled, and his coat removed; his stockings pulled off; but without result against him. They were about to give up, when they noticed that a piece had been torn out of the lining of his coat, and pinned up. They opened this, and found a package of notes. It was my notes!—ten thousand dollars!

"You can imagine, sir, how Charley was sway from home—among strangers, where no one knew his character, and all supposed him a villain—even in the hotel-chamber in the dead of night, with the door—passing to and fro, noiselessly and cat-like—peering at the banker's bed, and then at his clothes, to see if he slept—up and off in the morning, almost before daylight, and with the stolen notes!—the banker robbed!—and part of the money found so carefully concealed in his over-coat! All this bearing in succession thunder-clouds about him, struck such terror to his soul, that for some moments he was utterly unable to speak. He knew about the guilty man's showing fear, while the innocent can look his accusers in the face in the hall. The guilty man is all prepared to meet accusation, and can meet it with a bold front and eye. The very backbone of heart which helped him do the deed will help him face the accuser. But poor Charley was overwhelmed. He could not speak to aid him to the charge. The bare thought of seeming evidence against him visions of prison-cells, of prison-bolts, bars all power from him. I know there are instances where sudden trepidation against the guilty. Instances where the accused by the first crime cause it; or where some slight hint pointing to the guilty person at once. But this was not the case to direct accusation, with strong circumstantial evidence, immediately after the commission of a crime—then the man who is terror-stricken and faint is surely not the villain.

"However, poor Charley's fear was all set down against him, and he was marched off to prison at once. They asked him if he had any money about the rest of the money, but he could only declare his innocence. He was locked up, and on the next day he was brought before a jury, and fully committed for trial. He sent for me, and I went to see him. I found him pale and thin, and suffering intensely. He could not speak for some time—he was so overcome. I was almost overcome myself. I was afraid she will see that—perhaps she has already seen it. But I must not think of that.

"Did you converse with the people there?" I asked him.

"Yes."

"And how did they feel?"

"They all look upon him as guilty. The evidence against him is too strong. You see how it stands."

I told him I did. I saw very plainly how direct it all was. And I knew that Charley Gibson was innocent. I knew that a guilty man would not have come back with those notes in his coat; and I knew that a guilty man would not have been so excessively frightened at the relation of evidence which he before have refuted; and, above all, I knew that Charles Gibson could not commit such a crime under any circumstances that how was he to be cleared?

"What circumstances is there that Charley can bring forward to help himself?" I asked.

"Well," returned Harvey, looking wonderfully thoughtfulness, "he hasn't much of anything. There are two little circumstances, however, upon which I have been trying to build some sort of a hope, but I can make nothing of them. First, that that notorious robber, cut-throat and black-leg, Porter Drake, was seen in the neighborhood of the banker's house, or about the hotel, on the night he left. Drake was recognized by several people on that occasion, but his evidence will not be worth be apprehended. From the manner in which he lurked about Mr. Bowers's premises, it was supposed that he meant to rob him if possible. The second circumstance is that on the night of the robbery there was a stranger at the hotel who occupied a room near Charley's, and of course near the banker's. On the following morning this stranger disappeared.—He was a tall, muscular man, very stout and corpulent; with an immense black beard all over his face; wearing blue spectacles and a white cravat. His clothes were black, and he had a sort of ministerial air. His room was on the opposite side of the corridor from my brother's, and one or two doors further down. Charley is very positive that the individual he followed from the room in

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DREAM-LAND.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWN.

In the beautiful halls of my Poet-dreams
Are fairy processions and visions,—
And hear the waves of the passionate world
Beating against my shores;
Or lie in the sun-lit hollows of sighs,
With a sorrowful ache and a moan,
Resting a life, and breaking a heart,
On every jagged stone!

I look through my antique palace-doors
To the land of the Long Ago,
Where ever the crimson of sunset glows
To the pale noon gloriously,
The waves are high with everlasting sleep
Of the Angels that wait me!
Of the beautiful souls from the twilight land
That come, in dreams, to me!

ELLEN LANE.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

"Say, little girl, what do you ask a-piece for those apples?"

The speaker was a rosy-cheeked little boy, who had just come bounding from a printing office, and stopped before the stand of a little girl who sold apples.

"Penny for three; and two cents for those red-cheeked ones, sir."

For all of them, do you charge but a penny, or is it a prop-rer phrase that you should?" said the lad, mischievously.

"A piece, sir," replied the little girl.

"I'm not a man, so you needn't say 'sir' to me; but, here, give me four two-cent apples."

The child selected four of the most beautiful apples for her customer, who, meanwhile, stood regarding her with considerable interest. And it was a face of an ordinary attraction that the lad looked upon. A child of ten years, perhaps younger, such as is unfortunately not often seen on the features of street children, added to the charms of her fair and delicate countenance. Her hair was soft and golden as the sunset clouds sometimes are, and it hung in clusters of curls around her short but rosy cheeks and chubby shoulders. She was the prettiest little apple girl that Dick Forest ever saw.

"Your cheeks are as red as your apples, little girl," he said, "and no wonder, for standing like this in the sun and wind all day. If you was my sister, I wouldn't like to have you selling apples in the street. Do you go to Sunday School?"

"No; I've got no time. I have to sell apples for Mrs. Brown."

"But it's noted to sell apples on the Sabbath-day. Don't you know that?"

"Well, I can't help it, if it is wicked. I sell as many apples Sunday, as I do any other day; and Mrs. Brown would turn me out of house and home if I didn't do it."

"She must be an awful woman," said the boy, regarding the child with a look of horror. "She ain't your mother, is she?"

"Oh! dear, no—no, indeed—she is not my mother. I don't know who my mother is, nor my father; neither. Mrs. Brown says I must have raised down for a man found me after the storm—I mean after all the folks that lived here when he went to open that white marble building, over there. I was in a basket on the steps."

"Dear me!" sighed Dick Forest. "Then, you never knew what it was to have a good father and mother. How hard!"

"Yes, I dare say, to bad; but, then, I get along very well. Mrs. Brown never beats me, only when she is tipsy, and, when I don't sell enough apples."

"How much do you make Sundays?"

"About ten shillings, I guess."

"Would you like to go to Sunday School?"

"Yes, very much, indeed—if I could go; but I've got nothing fit to wear, even if Mrs. Brown would let me go."

"One you mad? Have you got a bible?" questioned the boy.

"No, I read; I never was but one bible, that I know of."

"Well, little girl, I shall talk with you more some other time. Here comes another customer." And away went the boy, with his mind full of a desire to benefit the little child.

Dick Forest was a poor boy, and he knew that alone he could not hope to do much for the little girl, in whose fate he had become so deeply interested; but he was a good boy, and was well known in the Sunday School to which he belonged. He was so smart and industrious, that he won favor with almost everybody; and it was not strange that he was an orphan, and that there was no one this side of the broad ocean to care for him, people had been very kind about helping him along in the world. Several wealthy men and women had taken consideration of little boy, and to one of these persons he now went with his place for the apple girl.

The good lady to whom he told his story, smiled at his earnestness, and told him she thought he ought to be appointed City Missionary, he was so zealous in the cause of the poor. The woman told him she would undertake to see Ellen Lane's fate, (for so was the apple girl called,) from her unfortunate position.

The kind Mrs. Lucas was so good as her word; but upon visiting Mrs. Brown's house, found unfavorable lady very drunkenly bent upon holding Ellen still in her own service. After a good deal of trouble and woman fluttering, she succeeded in Ellen to visit Mrs. Lucas on the following day. With the appointed hour proper Dick Forest and Ellen. A strange little figure she saw in the mirror, emerging over the rich carpets of Mrs. Lucas's house. Poor, little bare feet, and torn, dirty clothes, fly contrasted with the luxuriance about her room.

Mrs. Lucas was so much interested in the child, that she resolved to leave no means untried to get her away from the evil influences with which she was surrounded.

The promise of a golden eagle and the promise of a new dress was over the opposing party; and all claim upon Ellen was given up to Mrs. Lucas. The child was taken to her new home; her rags taken away; and she was washed and clad in wholesomed garments, fitted to her form and suited to her age. Dick Forest was then called to see the transformed protege he could hardly believe his own eyes; she was so beautiful, so delighted with her new home. It was his little star stood in bright and pure beauty before him, he began to caper about the room like an insane boy.

Mrs. Lucas was obliged to sit down and lean back in an easy chair, Dick's conduct caused her to laugh so violently.

"Now the child go to Sunday School, sure enough," cried Dick. "I shall call for her next Sunday morning."

"My dear," said Mr. Lucas, coming in a few minutes after quiet had been restored, and while Dick and Ellen yet stood side by side rejoicing over the fate of the latter, "my dear, did it ever strike you that these children are remarkably alike?"

"I had not thought of it, Charles; but now that you have spoken of it, I do certainly see that there is a great resemblance. Why, they might pass for—"

"The very same profile—the same peculiar smile—the same mark on the eyebrow; and even the same tone to their laugh," said Mr. Lucas, as he attentively examined the two children. "Emily, Jane, this can hardly be all accidental."

"They are not alike in complexion," said Mrs. Lucas."

"No; but that is nothing. Dick, how long have your parents been dead?"

"I should think eight years, sir."

"Did they have any child except yourself?"

"Yes, sir. Mother had a little baby—a girl; but you know her I told you how she died away from home. I never saw my mother after my father died.—She got crazy and starved and they told me that she died in the street, and was buried while I was very sick."

"And you say this girl was found in there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, saying found with you, my child?"

"Only a basket, and an old shawl over me."

"Are they yet in existence?"

"I don't know. Mrs. Brown might know."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Lucas, drawing like a shot, and darting out of the house and down the street at full speed.

In about half an hour he came rushing delightedly back; and catching Ellen in his arms, he whirled her round and round the room, laying her and shouting. "She is my sister! She is my sister! My own dear sister! Ellen, Ellen, Ellen!"

"But do tell us how you can be so sure of the thing, my boy," said Mr. Lucas, quietly, as he put the urn, and forcibly draining him. "How have you discovered the fact?"

"Oh! I remember the shawl—it was my mother's—I've often seen her with it. It came from England; and I never have seen any like it here. Besides, the place where I tore it, and tried to mend it myself, so mother needn't know that I'd done, is yet there. She found me out and whipped me, and so I never have forgotten how that torn place looked. Ellen is ready to kiss her own sister!"

"I believe it, my boy. You've made out a fair case, even were not her looks enough to justify you in claiming her. Now Emily would she could have thus been led to befriend your sister. How kind and wonderful are the ways of God!"

"Oh! yes, indeed, they are. I hope I shall always love Him better than ever now. How good He has been to me—to Ellen. Oh! I hope that you learn to read about God you will soon begin to love Him, too."

Ellen, although quite delighted at the turn things had taken, didn't know how to express her feelings, so she said very little.

The work of her education was immediately commenced, and it rapidly progressed; and it was not long before Ellen proved herself to be the possessor of an active and intelligent mind. It was discovered that, through the influence of the Sabbath School, which as a means had found its high calling, the desire to be constantly doing good to some one, he was led to rescue from poverty and degradation his own and only sister, who was ever after his comfort and delight. She is a woman now, and a happy one, for she has found favor for the Lord, never will she forget the day when, from behind her dusty apple stand, she saw that noble-hearted boy come bounding towards her, sent by their Heavenly Father to deliver his sister from her bondage, and to be the means of exalting a hungry and naked child.

"When their father and mother forsook them, then the Lord took them up."

AMERICAN WINES.

The cultivation of vineyards in the southern sections of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, is becoming so profitable as to excite the interest and attention of the agriculturists of that region. The pure wines which are made from the Missouri, Catawba, and Isabella grapes, are becoming quite popular, and among many who have heretofore poisoned themselves with whiskey, brandy, and such vile compounds generally known as whiskey, brandy, rum, and gin. A distinguished philanthropist and temperance advocate says that he "has found nothing so destructive of the whiskey bottle as the wine bottle;" and that "when the boy has been fairly left to contend with, he can easily overcome it." With the sanitary influences surrounding the vineyard for pure wine is merely a tax, which can easily be liquidated, while a fondness for ardent spirits is one which must sap substance. On the 31st of November, 1859, there were reported to the Secretary of State of Ohio, as having been made in the counties of that State, 1,000,000 gallons of wine, and 1,500,000 gallons of brandy. The estimated value of the wine was 50 cents per gallon, and of the brandy $1 per gallon. The total value of the wine and brandy was $1,250,000. The number of acres of vineyards will increase, is positively certain. The question is, how shall the wine be disposed of? Shall it be kept and manufactures be turned to the best account?

THE PROPER REMEDY.—We are constantly seeing that "woman's wrongs should be redressed;" but from samples of female rebels we constantly see in Broadway, we think it is the women themselves who need redressing.

A CONTRAST.—Your disbelief is no affair of ours, and we shall make no effort to convert you. The fact is, we look upon a man who boasts of his infidelity as being unworthy of a sensible person's consideration. The best way is to let them go ahead until they fetch up where such things are no longer matters of speculation but of experience.

HUMBUG.—In spying the manners of foreign countries, we lose what is best in our own, and only expose ourselves to the ridicule of those we imitate.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THEOLOGICAL STUDENT.—*Study* is a term of higher import than either *attend* or *listen*. Whatever is most ostensibly connected with religion and religious worship, in its purest form, is *holy*; the word *sacred* has a more limited sense. Religious is *holy*; the sacred duties to which we are called by our existence, and is connected neither with religion nor worship, is a religious duty. The laws are a *sacred* trust, and from the lowest to the highest, every man is *responsible to the people*. *He* who loves all his neighbors has a *catholic* spirit